

Chapter 29

“If you’re getting calluses, maybe you are doing it wrong. Pretty sure, you’re supposed to stroke it, not rub the skin off it.” I chuckle.

“Well, since you’re such an expert, perhaps you should give me a demonstration. I might learn a few things.” My face heats at his words while his eyes flicker, turning black.

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Are you sure? You’re the one giving me a lesson on it. Do you offer tutoring? I could use a few hands-on lessons. My cock would be most appreciative of having an experienced teacher for Mrs. Palmer and her five daughters. Maybe you could offer oral tutoring?”

Lexa snickers in my head while my cheeks warm. “I don’t mind paying, could do a clean swap, your hand for my fingers, tongue for your lips?” He laughs.

“I am about to hang up now!”

“Fine, fine, I will stop, but the offer still stands.” I shake my head at him and go to hang up on him.

“Don’t hang up! I will behave... promise. As much as I love hearing about you wanting to get your hands on me, you need to tell me what you’re doing about your father,” he chuckles.

“I need to find evidence of his dealings with Thomas, for one. I know they used to work together. When I reported Thomas, he deleted files he told me were business dealings he had with Thomas, but he didn’t want to get dragged into the mess.”

“What was in the files?”

“I don’t know, but I know they are linked to the garbage removal service my father used to own. I never questioned him about it, but now I’m wondering if I should have. Dad sold the business a year later.”

“To Thomas?” Axton asks.

“No one of the smaller packs. I can’t remember which one, but I know my dad freaked out when I started looking into Thomas. But after Marco dropped that paperwork off, I don’t think I will have time to dig it up.” I tell him.

“So, when are you going to challenge him then? Have you told your mother?”

“Not yet; I will soon.” I chew my bottom lip. Just the thought of challenging him makes me nervous because I know what a lethal beast he can be.

“You’ll be fine. I’ll be there, and if I think he is getting the upper hand, I will jump in.... Or you could let me do it.”

“But then it will be your pack!” I remind him. Axton shrugs.

“Ours, I have no intention of taking it from you, but I also don’t like the idea of him hurting you,” Axton tells me.

“We are mates, Elena. I want you as my mate, by my side, not on opposite sides. What are you scared of? Just me taking your pack. I have told you I won’t.” I shake my head. There is more to it than that he just refuses to understand.

“It’s the same argument repeatedly with you. I get that you have your reasons, but it doesn’t change the fact that I am your mate! You have to give in, eventually.”

“I won’t lose my mother’s pack, not once I finally get it back. We just need to wait for Luke—”

“I am not waiting for Luke to turn 18 for you to mark me, Lena!”

“Then what do you suggest? I don’t trust you not to take my pack!”

“How can I build your trust when you trust me with nothing? I can’t earn it back when you never give me a damn chance to!” I sigh, knowing it is going to turn into an argument. Axton curses and shakes his head before he presses his lips into a thin line.

“I don’t know how else to fix this!”

“You can’t. We’ll just deal with it as it comes, but for now we—”

“I’ve already offered to sign the pack over to you. I don’t know what else I can offer.”

“I want nothing from you, Axton.”

“And I just want you, not your damn pack!” He snaps before he exhales and mutters something I don’t hear.

“I don’t want to argue. Just think about it.” He sighs, moving around, and I see him walking through the house.

“So, what did Sondra say?” He asks, and I chew my lip, wondering if he knows his mother had a twin sister.

“Elena?” He asks, walking into some room when he sits down.

“I don’t want to upset you,” I admit. Axton sighs, and I notice he is in bed when he leans against the headboard.

“So, she told you about your father and how she knows mine?”

“Not about my father, but she mentioned your mother,” I tell him, and his face changes on the screen, and all I see are his tattooed shoulders and face showing he sat up.

“My mother? What did she say?”

“That your mother was sold to your father to settle a debt, and that your father claimed she was his mate?” Axton sighs.

“Yeah, my mother never spoke of her father. I knew her father sold her to mine when she was a teenager, and they are mates; he was just a shitty one. She didn’t realize until she was of age that what he claimed was true.” He shrugs.

“Did you know she was a twin?” Axton’s brows furrow.

“She was an only child. Her mother died giving birth to her. Well, that’s what my father told me.” I shake my head, relaying everything. Axton seems shocked and confused. He lets me speak, barely adding anything until I’m done when he asks the one question, I hoped he wouldn’t.

“I still don’t understand how Sondra knows all this. I know she knows Marco, but she is human. And why didn’t Marco ever say anything to me?” He growls.

“Probably because he was protecting his brother,” I told him reluctantly.

“Floyd?” I nod my head, pausing.

“So, it is the same person. Floyd was her father.”

“You were right. Floyd was her father and Sondra’s husband, your grandfather. She admitted he was a werewolf. It’s why Sondra helped us, because she couldn’t save Petra, Mary, or your mother, Phaedra.”

Axton grits his teeth.